

Monthly Messenger.

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A MOTHERS' MEETING ADDRESS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—This is my birthday, and, as I believe in good wishes, I want you all to wish me, not so much many happy returns of the day—for their number I am content to leave in the hands of God—as to wish and ask that I may be a holier woman in the coming year, if spared to live through it, than I have been in the past; more earnest and more useful in the cause of Christ, more successful in directing souls to Him; that in character and disposition I may be more gentle, more humble, more Christlike; that in all my ways, words, and works, my writings, my hundreds of letters, and my whole life I may speak for Him.

But some of you may say—"I can't do this, I don't know how to pray, I never prayed in my life." Never prayed! poor things! how much comfort and happiness you have missed! But 'tis never too late, when you find yourself on a wrong road, to turn round and make for the right, so 'tis never too late to pray; and be sure of this, God never turns a deaf ear to real prayer. Some of you have probably heard of the celebrated preacher, Rowland Hill, the minister of Surrey Chapel, whose name also lingers like the sweet scent of the violet, among the hills, dales, and villages of my lovely county of Gloucestershire. I think it was while ministering among the lovely scenery of Wotton under Edge, which he so much loved, that he had as a member of his church a very pious, respectable woman who was afflicted with a very ungodly husband. It happened that through an unfortunate turn in their business they were unable to pay their rent, and a man was put in possession of their goods. Driven to their wits' end to know how to find the money, the poor wife at last thought she would tell good Mr. Hill her trouble. He heard her very patiently, and then asked how much she needed. "Eighteen pounds," was the reply. "Then," said he, "I will give you twenty, and you can repay me at your convenience, but I should like to put the money into your husband's hands myself." The poor woman joyfully went home, and you may be sure was not long in sending her husband to such a benefactor. On his arrival, Mr. Hill addressed him something like this—"So you are so unfortunate as to have a man in possession, and twenty pounds will be really sufficient to get rid of him, and to save your furniture?" "It will, sir." "Then there are two ten-pound notes, and you can repay me when you are able." The man poured out his thanks, and began to take them. "Stop, stop a little," said Mr. Hill, "if you'll put them down, I'll ask a blessing on them." He then uttered a short prayer, standing with his hands over the money. The man then took them up, when Mr. Hill said, "My friend, you have not asked a blessing on them yourself; suppose you do it now."

"I can't, sir," said the man; "I think I never prayed in my life." "Quite time to begin, then." "I can't, sir, I don't know what to say." "Make an effort, however few the words may be." "I can't, sir; I am unable to utter a sentence." "Then you cannot have the money; I will not lend twenty pounds to a prayerless man." The man hesitated, then closing his eyes and lifting his hands, he said, with great earnestness, "Lord, what shall I say to Thee and Mr. Hill on this occasion?" He was about to say more when Mr. Hill stopped him, and said, "That will do for a beginning; that is a capital first prayer, for it is from the heart; take the money, and God's blessing go with it." From that time the man prayed, and soon became a sincere and humble Christian. Should there be a prayerless mother among you, I would say to her—Do as this man did, ask God to teach you what to say, and if you feel your *need* of His teaching, you will not ask in vain. An elderly woman, on being asked how old she was, replied, "Which birthday do you mean? If you mean my natural birth, when I was born into this world, I am sixty years old; but if you mean my spiritual birth, I am only two years old, for it was late ere I sought my dear Saviour." Have you ever thought, my friends, that God wills we should all have *three* birthdays? Our natural birth into this world of work and probation; our second birth, in which we are baptized of the Holy Spirit of God, and called from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of light; and our third birth, when as Christians who have done and suffered the will of our Father on earth, we enter the inheritance of immortality and light prepared for us in heaven, to go no more out for ever—

"For ever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him we roam;
Yet nightly pitch our moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

Oh! what a sad, sad pity that any should miss those two glorious birthdays; our Father willeth not that any should perish, and Jesus died to save. Why, then, will you perish? I entreat you to flee unto Jesus now, His arms are open to receive you, His ear ever ready to listen to your feeble cry for mercy and forgiveness. There is plenteous forgiveness with Him; haste, then, while the day of life lasts. To-morrow may be too late, for in the midst of life we are drawing near to death.

Only last Monday morning Mrs. Phillips, of ——— in full health of mind and body, gave her husband and numerous children their breakfast, and started them